

The Harvest, by Dan Abnett

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[Part One]

(Big Ben striking the hour. A door slides open and closed.)

FARRER: Good morning.

SYSTEM: Good morning, Doctor.

FARRER: You paged me. Status, please?

SYSTEM: The patient began to regain consciousness at 0813 am.

FARRER: Summary on screen please, System. Hmm. This looks fine. Very good. BP is a little high. Adjust centrifuge rate to optimise.

SYSTEM: Adjusting.

FARRER: Good morning. Can you hear me?

(A grunt.)

FARRER: Can you hear me? It's Doctor Farrer.

(A slightly electronic man's voice.)

SUBJECT ONE: Doctor.

FARRER: Yes, that's right. Just relax, take your time. The early signs are this latest phase of the recarnative procedure has been a success. Your chart is looking extremely robust. Can you tell me, how do you feel?

SUBJECT ONE: Feel?

FARRER: That's right. Any sensations of pain, discomfort?

SUBJECT ONE: I don't know. I'm not familiar enough with the concepts to be able to recognise them. I feel, Doctor Farrer. That in itself suggests your work has been successful.

FARRER: Good, good.

SUBJECT ONE: My optical resolution seems impaired.

FARRER: That's just the surgical pack. Let me remove it.

SUBJECT ONE: Ah!

FARRER: Too bright? I can tint the windows. System, can you lower

SUBJECT ONE: No! I want to see.

FARRER: Yes. It is quite a view. System, elevate bed by twenty-five degrees.

SYSTEM: Adjusting.

SUBJECT ONE: I have never seen London like this.

FARRER: Well, it'll become a familiar sight. Embankment there, Big Ben and the Museum of Parliament.

SUBJECT ONE: You mistake me, Doctor. I mean, I have never seen *anything* like this. I have never seen in this way before. Shape, colour, perspective and dimension. The resolution so bright, unfiltered, unenhanced.

FARRER: I'm glad you're pleased. Seeing the world through new eyes. You, you *are* pleased, aren't you?

SUBJECT ONE: Yes, Doctor. I think that is how I feel.

TANNOY: Family or friends, please go to the meeting point under the atrium.

(Door slides open and closed.)

HEX: (Liverpudlian) Morning.

SYSTEM: Welcome to Saint Gart's Bankside, part of the Euro-Combine Health Administra...

HEX: Logging in. Schofield, Thomas H.

SYSTEM: System recognises Staff Nurse Schofield. Good morning. It is 0829 am, October 12, 2021. You are logged in to begin morning shift.

HEX: Thank you, Sys.

(Doors slide open and closed.)

MARK: Hey, Hex!

HEX: Hey, Mark.

MARK: Big day, eh?

HEX: No, bad day. I overslept.

MARK: Birthday Boy deserves a little lie-in.

HEX: Oh, don't start.

MARK: Get your strength up for the do tonight. Oh, everyone's going to be there.

HEX: That's nice of them.

MARK: Including, thanks to Yours Truly, that tasty young technician in Radiology, er, you made the mistake of telling me you liked?

HEX: God's sake, Mark. Don't fix me up again.

MARK: Tough. Comes with the territory. I am A & E Attending.

HEX: *Junior* Attending.

MARK: Whatever. You are a staff nurse, part of my well-oiled team.

HEX: (laughs) Well-oiled all right.

MARK: After seven o'clock tonight in the White Rabbit you'd better hope so. Anyway, you're part of my team, so your well-being is my concern.

HEX: Which includes fixing me up on my birthday.

MARK: Exactly!

HEX: If my well-being is your concern, you can fix me up with a coffee. The vending machine in the atrium's out of order again, so.

MARK: Yeah. Excuse me. Maintenance?

DOCTOR: Yes?

MARK: Any chance of getting the coffee vendor fixed?

DOCTOR: It'll go on my list of things to do.

MARK: Excellent. See? See how I look after you?

(Alarm sounds.)

MEDIC: Doctor Mathias?

MARK: Oh. And so the day begins. What have we got?

MEDIC: It's a bike courier. RTA.

MARK: Very pretty. Hex?

HEX: Right here. System? Diagnostic, please.

SYSTEM: Skull fracture, C 5 fracture, haemopneumothorax, vitals negative.

MARK: Full arrest. Pupils blown.

HEX: No heart sounds. Coming through. Give us some space.

MARK: Five units O Neg. I want a cross-lateral cervical spine. Hex, kill that bloody alarm. External heart massage. IV epinephrine. Oh come on, clean up here, I can't see what I'm doing.

HEX: Oh, God.

MARK: What? Where's that IV?

MEDIC: Coming.

MARK: What's the matter, Hex?

HEX: I know him. God, Mark. He's a friend of mine.

(Whirring.)

SUBJECT ONE: You do extremely fine work, Doctor Farrer.

FARRER: Nothing like this ever before. But what's a career in nanosurgery without challenges?

(The whirring stops.)

FARRER: There. Just a little fine-tuning of the cohesion filaments reweaving that tissue base. I'll keep an eye on that. Nothing to concern you. Is something the matter? You seem to be flexing your hand.

SUBJECT ONE: My hand, yes. I can feel the warmth of the sunlight through the window. A post-operative ache in the joints. The minute signals of base flesh. All new to me.

FARRER: Oh, you'll get used to the sensations.

SUBJECT ONE: Are you used to them?

FARRER: Of course.

SUBJECT ONE: A shame. A shame to be so dull to the state of your being. We chose that path through science, but you, you seem too inured to sensation by the mundane familiarity of life.

FARRER: Maybe. I think you'll find it's a novelty that will soon wear off as you advance to more complex and important experiences.

SUBJECT ONE: Doctor Farrer, I hope I never get used to this.

SYSTEM: Doctor Farrer, Mister Garnier would like to see you.

FARRER: Tell him I'm busy.

SYSTEM: Mister Garnier said you would say that, Doctor. He stresses it is important. He is waiting outside.

FARRER: Do excuse me.

(Door opens and closes.)

FARRER: Garnier, this had better be good...

GARNIER: A problem has come up, Doctor, a critical graft rejection.

FARRER: Damn! Which subject?

GARNIER: Subject Four.

FARRER: Paul was perfectly stable last night.

GARNIER: Well, not now. System monitor picked it up. Look, see for yourself.

FARRER: No, no, no, this won't do at all. Get the theatre prepped, I'll have to go in immediately before the onset of necrotisation.

GARNIER: Corrective procedure?

FARRER: God, no, man. I'll have to restructure a new graft. What's that look on your face mean, David?

GARNIER: There's no viable tissue type available in the C-Programme resource.

FARRER: A type match is vital. We could lose the subject!

GARNIER: I understand that Doctor, but

FARRER: Start a search.

GARNIER: A search?

FARRER: An urgent search. Clandestine, naturally. I want a match in the next two hours.

GARNIER: Doctor, I really have to advise caution.

FARRER: Do you really?

GARNIER: We're risking exposure again. C-Programme security must be maintained.

FARRER: And the schedule? The timetable set by your superiors in the Hague, David? The one you delight in reminding me of every day?

GARNIER: Well

FARRER: They want a report in ten days, man. Ten days. They want to see legitimate advances, sustainable results. So don't advise caution, Mister Garnier, find a type match!

GARNIER: If you say so, Doctor.

FARRER: David. David. I know your priority is to keep the lid on our work. God, the last thing any of us needs is some sort of leak, some lurid media disclosure.

GARNIER: Well, quite.

FARRER: I have every confidence in you, David. You and your team are top-notch. You can handle this. And keep it as quiet as it needs to be.

(Bleeps of life support machine.)

MARK: Okay, we've got a pulse. Two more units and a litre of saline, please.

HEX: Pupils still fixed and dilated.

MARK: Ah-ha. Jenny, get me a number four. Can somebody mop this floor up before we all slip arse over tit? Hex, how's the NV scan rate looking? Hex? Scan rate?

HEX: Sorry. Sorry.

MARK: Hex, why don't you step out for a sec? Go on, mate.

TANNOY: Doctor Waterson to cardio. Doctor Waterson to cardio.

HEX: God.

(Door open and close.)

HEX: God.

MARK: All right?

HEX: Yeah.

MARK: I, I've called upstairs for a surgical consult.

HEX: Sure. Good.

MARK: You're white as a sheet.

HEX: Yeah.

MARK: Not like you to go faint at the sight of jam. Look up strong stomach, there's usually a picture of you.

HEX: Yeah, well.

MARK: First time?

HEX: What?

MARK: Since you started working A & E. First time they've carted in someone you know?

HEX: Yeah.

MARK: It happens. You know, big city accident department. Happened to me a few times. Never nice.

HEX: No.

MARK: What's his name?

HEX: Damo. Er, Damien Boyd. He was my flatmate when I first moved to London. He was always telling me he'd get himself in a mess one day in that bike of his. He'd just say to me he wasn't worried because I'd be there to patch him up.

MARK: Well, he was right, then.

HEX: Good one, Mark.

MARK: Sorry. I'm just doing a house-to-house for the bright side here.

HEX: Sometimes there isn't one.

MARK: Er yeah, whatever.

HEX: Haven't seen Damo for weeks. He was meant to be coming to me drink-up tonight.

MARK: Oh, bloody hell, mate. Oh, some birthday.

MEDIC: Doctor Mathias, you have a consult.

MARK: Ah, yes. Doctor Farrer, I don't usually see you down here, sir.

FARRER: The Oath takes us where we can do most good, Doctor. I was available when System put your call through.

MARK: Great.

FARRER: I was reviewing case details on the way down. You've got him stable?

MARK: As stable as I can. Here.

FARRER: Hmm. Quite a number he's done on himself. Right, make him secure and take him up to surgery immediately.

(Leaves.)

MARK: There's your bright side, Hex. Best surgeon in the place.

HEX: Let's hope so.

TANNOY: Doctor Suarez to ICU. Doctor Suarez to the ICU.

ACE: Er, Danish, and a cup of coffee, black.

SYSTEM: Thank you, Miss McShane. The cost of your purchase will be deducted from your salary account. Thank you for using the Atrium Café.

ACE: Thank you, Sys.

TANNOY: Anna Gilbert to personnel. Anna Gilbert to personnel.

ACE: This seat taken, then?

HEX: What? Oh, Miss McShane. Hey.

ACE: Just McShane. Well, someone doesn't look happy at his birthday.

HEX: Oh, just having a crappy day.

ACE: Oh, we all get those. Pass the sugar.

HEX: That stuff'll kill yer.

ACE: On the list of things in this universe that are going to kill *me*, sugar is a long way down.

HEX: How do you know it's me birthday?

ACE: Human Resources, Hex. It's what we do all day. Unrestricted access to the personal records of everyone employed in this worthy institution. Thirty thousand individual files vulnerable to our merest key-stroke. We hack, we snoop, we dig.

HEX: You're joking.

ACE: (laughs) I'm joking. Doctor Mark 'Party Harty' Mathias has been swinging from the hospital grapevine. I understand there is to be drinking in your honour tonight at the Rabbit.

HEX: God, that man gets around. Thought it was just A & E he invited.

ACE: Actually, any department with female staff. He happened to drop by yesterday and mentioned that apparently I'd er taken your eye.

HEX: He said that?

ACE: His actual words.

HEX: Oh God, I'll kill him.

ACE: To be fair, I overheard him say the same thing to three other girls in the office. Oh, and another in the lift.

HEX: I'm sorry, Miss McShane.

ACE: Just McShane.

HEX: Right. So embarrassing. Mathias is always trying to fix me up.

ACE: I pretty much got that part.

HEX: I mean, I hardly know ya. Well, just to say hello to, really.

ACE: Does that mean I'm not invited after all?

HEX: No. No, of course not.

ACE: Relax.

HEX: The thing is, I don't know if I'll be going.

ACE: Not going? Isn't it illegal for a medical professional under the age of thirty to turn down an after-work booze-up?

HEX: I'm not feeling much like it. A friend of mine was brought in to Casualty first thing.

ACE: Oh. I'm sorry.

HEX: Road accident. Wasn't good.

ACE: Mmm. Tell you what, a drink and some company after work might be just what you need.

HEX: Mmm. You could be right. Maybe I *will* come along. Provided you promise to let me in on some of those Human Resources secrets.

ACE: Oh yeah, like what?

HEX: Like , why Just McShane? I mean, you've been working here for what, three weeks now?

ACE: Something like that.

HEX: And I don't know anyone who knows your first name.

ACE: Oh, you can talk, Hex.

HEX: Don't change the subject.

ACE: What's Hex short for, then?

HEX: Well, you come to the pub tonight and I'll tell ya.

ACE: Okay. See you later.

HEX: Hey, what about your Danish?

ACE: Birthday present.

SYSTEM: Floor 31. ICU and Nanosurgical.

(Lift door opens.)

HEX: System?

SYSTEM: Good afternoon, Nurse Schofield.

HEX: Afternoon. I'm looking for a patient, name of Boyd. Damien Boyd. He's probably in the ICU.

SYSTEM: Thank you. Searching. Sorry, no match found, Mister Schofield.

HEX: Did you just check Intensive or the whole hospital?

SYSTEM: No match found, Mister Schofield.

HEX: Look, is there someone round here I can speak to? Oh, bever mind. Doctor Farrer. Doctor Farrer, could I have a word?

GARNIER: Who are you?

HEX: Staff nurse Schofield, A & E.

GARNIER: Well, Schofield, I don't think that log tag clears you for access on this floor.

HEX: Yeah, I know, but not technically

GARNIER: Yeah, well, on your way, then.

HEX: I want to speak to Doctor Farrer, just for a moment.

GARNIER: Well, he's busy.

HEX: He's right there.

GARNIER: Look.

HEX: Look, it's about the bike courier, Damien Boyd.

FARRER: Boyd?

HEX: Yes, Doctor. I was there when you come down this morning.

FARRER: What about him?

HEX: How is he?

FARRER: He's dead.

HEX: Oh, God.

GARNIER: What's it got to do with you?

HEX: He, he was a friend of mine.

FARRER: Oh I see. I'm so sorry, er, Schofield, wasn't it? I'm so very sorry, Schofield. Please forgive me, I really didn't mean to be brusque. I had no idea you had a personal connection.

HEX: No reason you should.

FARRER: Still, Schofield, bloody awful of me to break it to you like that. Please accept my apologies.

HEX: Sure.

FARRER: We really did everything we could. As you know, the trauma was considerable. We were able to stabilise him for a while, but he arrested several more times on the table, and became asystolic. I'm truly sorry.

HEX: What happens to him now?

GARNIER: System will locate his next of kin and make appropriate arrangements. His body will stay in the morgue until his family comes to claim it.

HEX: Okay.

FARRER: Is there anything else we can do, Schofield? Would you er, would you like to see him?

GARNIER: That might not be

FARRER: David, I'm sure we can accommodate Mister Schofield if that is his wish.

HEX: No. It's fine. Thank you.

(Music.)

MARK: And then the doctor says, no, no. No, no, no, I said, his name is *Boyle*.

(Laughter.)

MARK: Well, Hex tells it better. He's a laugh a minute, Hex is. You're gonna love him, you really will. What, what did you say your name was, sweetheart? Suki? Suki. Okay, Suki, we'll find him for you. Same again? Anyone seen Hex? Anyone? Er, Tony? Have you seen him? No? Wait just a minute. Where the bloody hell's he got to? Hex? Hex!

(Keys jangle.)

ACE: Thomas Hector Schofield.

HEX: Oh. Just McShane.

ACE: Hector. Quite a millstone. I'm guessing that's where the Hex comes from.

HEX: Right. You found me out.

ACE: What can I tell you? Human Resources. This your scooter? Very retro. Don't tell me you're about to go home?

HEX: Yeah. Sorry.

ACE: And I've only just arrived. A girl could get a complex, you know.

HEX: Look, it's, it's nothing personal.

ACE: Says he. What's up? You. Your friend. He didn't make it, did he?

HEX: How did you know?

ACE: That look in your eyes. I know what it means. I've seen it many times before.

HEX: What do you mean?

ACE: Er, with, er, the work I do. In health care.

HEX: Yeah. Well, you'll understand then, eh? I don't feel much like a party right now.

ACE: Hmm. Course you don't. How about a chat?

HEX: Not really.

ACE: Just five minutes. I'm not letting you get on that scooter until you've chilled a bit.

HEX: I appreciate what you're trying to do, but what is there to talk about, eh? It's me birthday, and a really good friend of mine died in front of me.

ACE: I thought you said they'd taken him up to surgery?

HEX: Yeah, for the good that did. They tried to save him, but he'd pretty much gone before he'd even left us. Doctor Farrer told me he'd done his best.

ACE: Farrer? Steven Farrer?

HEX: Yeah.

ACE: I thought he was a big-shot nanosurgeon.

HEX: He covers A & E sometimes, and when he came down today, I remember thinking, God, that's lucky. Best surgeon in the hospital. Damo's in safe hands. Must be me birthday after all.

ACE: Know him well?

HEX: Damo?

ACE: No. Farrer.

HEX: Only to see around. Different worlds, A & E and Nanotech. The research divisions tend to look down their noses at the public departments.

ACE: Hmm, it's a money thing.

HEX: Yeah, I'm sure it is. You know, I went up to nanosurgery this afternoon, just to find out how Damo was, and they treated me like some kind of pleb.

ACE: You're kidding.

HEX: I swear to ya. Some bloke from hospital security nearly chucked me out. To be fair, Farrer was decent enough when he found out why I was there. You know, he took me to one side, said all the right things.

ACE: Still, git.

HEX: Yeah. I think I'll be going now. Thanks for the chat.

ACE: Hex, you ever hear about something called C-Programme?

HEX: C-Programme? I don't think so.

ACE [OC]: You've never heard anyone talking about it?

HEX [OC]: No really. Never heard of it...

POLK: Are you getting this?

GARNIER: Just about. How close are you?

ACE [OC]: Are you sure?

POLK: Parked just down the street. They're outside the pub, the White Rabbit.

GARNIER: Boost the signal. I can't hear what they're saying.

HEX [OC]: Why the questions? McShane?

HEX: What's this about?

ACE: (sotto) Eavesdroppers.

HEX: What?

ACE: Got a call. Better take it.

HEX: That's not a cell.

ACE: Course it is. Latest Taiwanese jobbie. Haven't you seen them advertised? Look, you get on home now, you need to sleep. I'll see you tomorrow.

HEX: McShane?

ACE: (receding) Take care Hex, okay? Er, happy birthday.

HEX: File under pretty, but mad.

(Scooter starts up. Screech of car tyres.)

HEX: Jesus! McShane! McShane? McShane!

ACE: I'm okay. I'm okay.

HEX: Okay? That bloody idiot in the Merc nearly ran you down.

ACE: Really, I'm fine.

HEX: What did he think he was doing? Oi! You moron! You blind?

ACE: Hex, leave it.

HEX: He's coming back.

ACE: Get out of here, Hex.
HEX: Are you bloody mad?
ACE: Hex!
(Car approaching fast.)
HEX: He's. Jesus! McShane, get on!

HEX: I don't believe that. I don't believe it.
ACE: Keep your eyes on the road!
HEX: He tried to run us down. He tried to back up and kill us both.
ACE: Slow down!
HEX: Slow down? Are you crazy? He's right behind us! What the hell is this?
ACE: Down there. Go down there!
HEX: That's pedestrian.
ACE: Go!
HEX: Where is he?
ACE: He had to stop at the bollards.
HEX: Yes. Bloody nutter. Bloody nutter!
ACE: He's getting out.
HEX: God! He's really big. I mean, he's really, really, big.
ACE: Let's go.
HEX: How can he be so tall? That's unnatural.
ACE: Hex, go! Go now!

(Engine stops.)
HEX: McShane?
ACE: Yes?
HEX: You can let go now.
ACE: Yes.
HEX: I think we left him behind.
ACE: Yes, you did.
HEX: Even though he was running faster than I've ever seen anyone run, ever.
ACE: Yeah.
HEX: McShane?
ACE: Yes?
HEX: What the hell was that?
ACE: Road rage.
HEX: Huh?
ACE: Road rage. Some city type, some total banker. One too many at the club, behind the wheel of his large automobile. You know how it goes.
HEX: Road rage?
ACE: Absolutely. Happens all the time.
HEX: Sure. But in my world, city bankers aren't eight foot tall, even the successful ones. And they don't run like, like speeding bullets.
ACE: Well
HEX: Homicidal speeding bullets.
ACE: Hex, he was a big guy. I think in the heat of the moment your mind probably exaggerated how tall he was, and how fast.
HEX: Really?
ACE: Totally.
HEX: McShane, he had to duck under the hanging baskets along the Embankment.
ACE: Would you just give me a lift home now?
HEX: Where's home?
ACE: Shoreditch. I'm tired, Hex. A bit shaken up.
HEX: Sure.

HEX: Here?
ACE: Next left.
HEX: Totter's Lane?
ACE: That's it.
HEX: But it's just office blocks round here.
ACE: My flat's on the other side of that one. Here's fine.
HEX: This isn't residential.
ACE: It is, some of it. You can't see my place from here. It's compact and bijou. Thanks for what you did

tonight.

HEX: Can you tell me what exactly that might have been?

ACE: You helped a lady in distress.

HEX: My pleasure. Still, I'd love to know what the hell this has all been about.

ACE: Do you trust me, Hex?

HEX: I'm working on it.

ACE: If you decide to, don't ask me again. Your birthday's been spoiled. I don't want to make it any worse.

HEX: It can't get any worse.

ACE: I'm afraid it could. Go home, Hex. Sleep well. Forget about today.

HEX: I'll see you at work tomorrow.

ACE: Mmm, probably not. I don't think I'll be coming in for the next ever. Thanks, Hex. Goodbye.

HEX: Pretty, but completely mad.

(Scooter putters briefly.)

HEX: It's no good. I've got to know. McShane? Just McShane? Why did you walk into a parking garage?

McShane? It's just a bloody garage. You don't live here. McShane. McShane? Is this some kind of a joke?

(Knocking.)

HEX: McShane? McShane!

(Knocking.)

HEX: What is this? A Portaloo?

(Door opens.)

ACE: All right. I tried to warn you. You'd better just come in.

HEX: Oh my God. Oh my God!

DOCTOR: No. I'm the Doctor. But hello just the same.

[Part Two]

(Tardis door closes.)

HEX: What? What is this? How

DOCTOR: How requires a two hour lecture with flipcharts and slides. I'm afraid I don't have the time just now.

HEX: McShane?

DOCTOR: Oh! You'll find she takes an awful lot longer to understand, even with diagrams.

HEX: McShane?

ACE: Try to stay calm, Hex. You'll find the initial open-mouthed shock fades after an hour or so.

HEX: It will?

ACE: Oh yeah. It's replaced by an uncomfortable nagging sense of the uncanny which never quite goes away, but that's a lot easier to cope with in the long run than the slack-mouthed gibbering.

HEX: Is this some kind of a joke?

DOCTOR: In the unfathomably cosmic sense, most certainly.

HEX: Did Mathias set this up? Is this some stupid birthday gag? McShane?

ACE: No, Hex.

HEX: Ah, come on. Joke's over. You got me a good one. Mark? You can come out now. Yeah, very clever, mate, All of this, and that car trying to kill us. Ha bloody ha.

DOCTOR: Car trying to kill us?

ACE: I was coming to that.

HEX: Come on, Mark! I know you're here!

DOCTOR: Young man.

ACE: Hex.

DOCTOR: Hex? Okay then, Mister Hex. It would be a very good idea if you'd calm down.

HEX: But, but this doesn't make any sense.

DOCTOR: Very few things in Space and Time do. Shouting about it seldom helps.

HEX: Who are you?

DOCTOR: I'm known as the Doctor.

HEX: Doctor who?

DOCTOR: Just the Doctor.

HEX: Like Just McShane, I suppose? And, well, what are ya?

DOCTOR: Well, we're

ACE: Private investigators.

DOCTOR: There you go. Yes. We're private investigators.

ACE: And you're Thomas Hector Schofield, and you've had a bad day. And now you're going to sit down here for a few minutes and get your breath back. Okay?

HEX: Okay.

(Classical piano music playing in the background. Communicator signal from SYSTEM.)

FARRER: Yes, System?

SYSTEM: Mister Garnier is here, Doctor Farrer.

FARRER: I see. Send him through.

(Door slides open and closed.)

GARNIER: Working late, Doctor?

FARRER: Needs must, David. I'm pleased to say that Subject Four's condition is now stable again.

GARNIER: Oh, good, good. I er, I just wanted to inform you that there's been an incident.

FARRER: I never like it when you use words like incident, David.

GARNIER: Do you know a Dorothy McShane, works in Human Resources?

FARRER: No. This her?

GARNIER: Mmm hmm.

FARRER: No, I don't know her. Why?

GARNIER: Well, she seems to have an employment record that doesn't quite check out. And as far as I can tell, she's showing an unhealthy interest in C-Programme.

FARRER: Really?

GARNIER: Mmm.

FARRER: A plant, you think? A spy?

GARNIER: Quite possibly. We both know how dearly various international powers would love to be privy to the programme's work. I had Polk follow her this evening.

FARRER: Is Polk ready to be used like that?

GARNIER: I thought it would be useful to trial him with a simple task. Anyway, Ms McShane was observed in conversation with Staff Nurse Schofield.

FARRER: So? What's the pr...? Schofield?

GARNIER: Yeah.

FARRER: The boy who came looking for me?

GARNIER: Mmm hmm.

FARRER: Well, that really isn't very good at all.

GARNIER: No, Doctor. Polk attempted to intercede.

FARRER: Intercede?

GARNIER: In hindsight, perhaps a rather over-hasty action. McShane and Schofield made a rapid exit. The point is, she must now be aware we're onto her.

FARRER: David, I don't think I can be any plainer when I say this situation needs to be contained. Euro-Council has given you effective emergency powers to safeguard their investment. Use them.

GARNIER: Of course, Doctor. I just wanted to keep you appraised.

FARRER: Find this girl, David.

GARNIER: I believe, Doctor, she'll come to us.

DOCTOR: This is rather inconvenient.

ACE: He'll hear you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It's not like you to be so careless, Ace, getting an innocent party involved.

ACE: Like you never do that.

DOCTOR: Touché. But still, why did you bring him here?

ACE: I told you, I didn't. He brought me. Someone, *something*, made a serious effort to kill us tonight. Like it or not, Hex is involved now. We can't just send him home and tell him to forget about it.

DOCTOR: Of course we can, for his own good.

ACE: I tried that. He came knocking on the Tardis door.

DOCTOR: Which should have remained shut.

ACE: I think Hex can help us, Doctor. I really do. How are you feeling now?

HEX: Oh, you know. Just an uncomfortable nagging sense of the uncanny.

ACE: Oh, progress.

HEX: You were talking about me, weren't ya? The pair of yA.

ACE: Absolutely.

HEX: Well, you're honest at least.

ACE: As the day is long. And you know, sometimes...

HEX: Is that why you were asking me all the questions outside the pub?

ACE: Is what why?

HEX: Because you're private investigators.

ACE: Yes.

HEX: So, what are you privately investigating?

ACE: Well, it's complicated.

DOCTOR: No, it's not. Not at all. We're investigating Saint Gart's Hospital, Mister Hex, your place of employment, because we have reason to believe that someone there is conducting potentially dangerous experiments with xenotech.

HEX: Which is?
DOCTOR: Technology of non-terrestrial origin.
HEX: Where, where would that come from, then?
DOCTOR: I don't know. How about somewhere non-terrestrial?
HEX: No, I understand the meaning of the words, I just. Wouldn't that mean?
DOCTOR: Yes?
HEX: Oh my God...
DOCTOR: Here you go.
HEX: Oh my God! Oh my God.
ACE: Way to break it to him gently, Doctor.
DOCTOR: It just proves my point. He can't even enter the Tardis without freaking out. He's no help to us if his mind can't deal with the concept.
HEX: Hey! I just need a moment to take it in, that's all.
DOCTOR: Oh.
HEX: I mean, that's pretty heavy stuff. You don't just go oh, really, how interesting, you know. I mean, it's been a terrible day and a mad night, but I think I'm doing very well so far, thank you very much.
ACE: He is. He's doing great.
HEX: So pardon me if I have to flip out for a sec just to deal with what you've told me.
DOCTOR: You believe me?
HEX: You appear to live in something the size of a public toilet, that's actually bigger than me gran's house on the inside. Of course I believe ya.
DOCTOR: For the record, it's a Police Box.
HEX: So? Go on, this non-terrestrial technology
ACE: Is very bad news.
DOCTOR: The European Government has got its hands on something. Something they should have left well alone.
HEX: Like what?
DOCTOR: I have a few theories.
ACE: (sotto) Mmm, just a few.
DOCTOR: I have a few theories. At this stage, the details don't matter. Just as a point of principle, it's never a good idea for a culture to get its hands on technology more advanced than itself.
HEX: Why?
DOCTOR: Because it leads to dabbling, which leads to meddling which leads to reverse-engineering, unforeseen incompatibilities, unpredictable consequences
ACE: The Doctor's trying to say that it usually ends in tears.
HEX: Usually? You've handled this kind of thing before?
DOCTOR: If I say yes, will I have to suffer another five minutes of you going oh my God?
HEX: Very probably. So tell me the rest quickly before that happens, eh?
ACE: The work's being done in a restricted area of the hospital tower. The nanosurgery department and the floors adjacent to that.
HEX: Yeah well, they're certainly hot on security up there.
DOCTOR: Suspiciously so.
ACE: The Doctor and I have spent the last few weeks trying to break their codes, to get a look inside.
DOCTOR: The one thing mankind always seems to be good at is secrecy. Its greatest failing, in my opinion. But I think I've finally managed to develop an entente cordiale with the hospital data system. Tomorrow, I intend to see if I can't get into that restricted area.
HEX: And what does this technology do?
ACE: We think it turns ordinary men into, into something rather more than that.
HEX: Why?
DOCTOR: The usual small-minded reasons. Weapons research, extended mortality, a space programme.
HEX: Europe doesn't have a space programme.
DOCTOR: Indeed not. Not at this time, anyway. The Pan-US Corps have their W-Stations and the Chinese pretty much run the Moon, but Europe's fast overtaking the other super-powers in almost every other respect. It doesn't want to be left behind in the profitable colonisation of the solar system.
HEX: Wow.
DOCTOR: And of course, there is that other old and reliable reason.
HEX: Which is?
DOCTOR: Stupidity. Sometimes people meddle for meddling's sake.

FARRER: Good morning.
SUBJECT ONE: Good morning, Doctor Farrer.
FARRER: My word, you're standing.
SUBJECT ONE: Yes.

FARRER: That's excellent. No difficulties with stability or balance?

SUBJECT ONE: No. How long will I have to stay connected to the bio-support systems?

FARRER: Oh, a little while yet. Graft healing can only go so fast.

SUBJECT ONE: It pleases me to look down at the city. I am eager to walk down there in the sun, to wander along the riverside. It pleases me to feel that eagerness.

FARRER: That's good. System was telling me you were expressing interest in the progress of the project as a whole.

SUBJECT ONE: Yes.

FARRER: Well, all seven of you undergoing the recarnative process are coming along splendidly. Of course, we have rather concentrated on you, but the others are just a few stages behind you. As far as the other side of things is concerned. System, would you ask Mister Garnier to step in?

SYSTEM: Yes, Doctor.

(Door slides open and closed.)

FARRER: David. You've met our guest.

GARNIER: Not, er, not properly.

FARRER: This is David Garnier, Executive Security Officer.

SUBJECT ONE: Good morning, Executive Security Officer Garnier.

GARNIER: Hello.

FARRER: And this fine fellow here is Polk, C-Programme's first prototype. I thought you'd like to meet him face-to-face.

SUBJECT ONE: He is functional?

FARRER: Completely.

SUBJECT ONE: Magnificent. I find I am registering a feeling that I cannot quite identify.

FARRER: I imagine that would be pride. And recognition, perhaps. Thank you David, Polk. That's all for now. (Leave.)

FARRER: As you can see, things are really coming together. As far as the prototypes are concerned there are a few technical points I'd like to go over with you. Your area of expertise, after all.

SUBJECT ONE: Of course. That is our agreement. Mutual technological assistance.

FARRER: Good. Well, first of all the fabrication lab has a couple of questions regarding lateral stress on the armature, the pelvic chassis, as

SUBJECT ONE: Doctor?

FARRER: Yes, yes?

SUBJECT ONE: Executive Security Officer Garnier regarded me strangely, as if he was afraid of me. As if the sight of me horrified him.

FARRER: Oh, no, no, no, not at all, just healthy respect.

SUBJECT ONE: Am I grotesque?

FARRER: (laughs) There's a certain degree of tissue swelling and suturing, but that's diminishing daily.

SUBJECT ONE: It would be curious if he was afraid of me. That thing that came into this room beside him is far, far more terrifying.

(Chimes of Big Ben. Traffic noise.)

DOCTOR: Remember, it's answers we want, not heroics or relentless chases up and down hospital corridors.

ACE: But they will be expecting us?

HEX: After last night? They're bound to be.

DOCTOR: They can expect all they like. We'll just have to be unexpected. Look, this is desperately important. What's going on in there must be uncovered and stopped. I'm not going to lie and say that this is the safest thing you'll ever do, but time is getting short.

HEX: Okay.

DOCTOR: Mister Hex, it's still not too late for you to step out, go home. Ace and I are committed.

ACE: Or should be.

DOCTOR: This is what we do, but you don't have to be involved.

HEX: Thanks. But I think I got involved the moment a great big freak of nature in a Mercedes tried to run me over.

DOCTOR: Very well. Okay. Take one of these each.

HEX: An earplug?

DOCTOR: A micro voice transmitter, so we can stay in contact. First sign of trouble, I want you both out of that place, understand?

HEX + ACE: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Right then, let's go to work.

TANNOY: Family or friends, please go to the meeting point underneath the

(Door slides open and closed.)

ACE: Okay. Just act casual.
HEX: If I was any more casual, I'd be in me gran's slippers.
ACE: Can you hear us, Doctor?
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, Ace.
ACE: Just entering the atrium now. Approaching log-in terminals at the staff entrance.
DOCTOR [OC]: Remember to use the new log-tags I gave you.
HEX: So, are you going to tell me about this Ace thing?
ACE: Let me think. No. Come on, you first.
SYSTEM: Welcome to Saint Gart's Bankside, part of the Euro-Combine Health Administration, affiliated to the European Health Development Council.
HEX: Logging in.
SYSTEM: And.
HEX: Schofield, Thomas H.
(Bleeps.)
SYSTEM: System recognises anonymous user. Good morning. It is 0822 am October 13, 2021. You are logged in to begin morning shift.
HEX: Thank you, Sys.
SYSTEM: Welcome to Saint Gart's Bankside, part of the
ACE: Logging in. McShane D.
SYSTEM: System recognises anonymous user. Good morning. It is 0822 AM, October 13, 2021. You are logged in to begin morning shift.
ACE: Thank you. Let's go.
(Door slides open and closed.)
DOCTOR [OC]: Did it work?
ACE: Like a charm. Sys let us right in without actually realising who we were.
DOCTOR [OC]: Good.
ACE: Where are you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Just approaching the side entrance. Not too many people around this morning. Stand by, Ace.
ACE [OC]: Okay, Doctor.
SYSTEM: Welcome. Saint Gart's Bankside. This entrance is for use by registered ancillary staff only. Members of the public should report to the main atrium.
DOCTOR: Good morning, System.
SYSTEM: Good morning. Please swipe your log-tag or type in your registration code.
DOCTOR: And I thought you'd know me by now, System. (typing) The weeks we've spent in intimate contact, just me and your data core.
SYSTEM: System recognises the Doctor. Good morning, Doctor. Please enter.
(Door slides open and closed)
DOCTOR: And how are we today, System?
SYSTEM: System finds, once again, that it is unable to account for your clearance. System believes it should deny you access, record your location and activate an alarm, yet System is unable to do so. Thank you for asking.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry to have to perturb you so, System. Believe me, it's for the best.
SYSTEM: System is unable to judge the validity of your remark.
DOCTOR: Open the works lockers please, System. I want a clean set of maintenance overalls and the tool-cart I was using yesterday.
SYSTEM: Again, System believes it should refuse your request. It is counter to security programming. Checking. Your request is cleared, Doctor.
(Door slides open.)
SYSTEM: Tool-cart 759 reserved for your use.
DOCTOR: Thank you, System. Ace? I'm all set. I'll let you know when I'm in position.

ACE: Understood, Doctor.
HEX: What now?
ACE: Keep your eye on the clock. We've got about twenty minutes to kill here, then we head to the elevators.
HEX: So what do we do? Loiter?
ACE: Let's keep moving. Start by grabbing some coffee.
HEX: Coffee. Good plan. So, is it always like this?
ACE: What?
HEX: The work you and the Doctor do. It is always this cloak and dagger stuff?
ACE: Not so much cloak and dagger. It's been anorak and baseball bat a few times. Panama hat and jelly baby. Usually it's your basic shambling horror and nasty colds.
HEX: I'm not with you.

ACE: Doesn't matter. Just promise me, if it gets all eye stalks and sink plungers, warn me and run like hell.
HEX: O-kay.
ACE: Is it me, or there an awful lot more security around this morning?
HEX: No, it's not you. I noticed that too, everywhere.
MARK: Hey, Hex.
HEX: (sotto) Oh no. (normal) Hey, Mark.
MARK: What happened to you last night? I look round and you're bloody gone.
HEX: Sorry about that, I
MARK: Your loss. You missed a great party. It was a right laugh. You know Hendricks, yeah? He got so ratted. Oh. Hello, Ms McShane.
ACE: It's just McShane. How lovely to bump into you like this, Doctor Mathias.
MARK: Just Mark to you, love. Oh, now I get it.
HEX: Get what?
MARK: Say no more, eh?
HEX: What?
MARK: Birthday Boy leaves his own party early, say no more.
ACE: We wouldn't dream of it.
MARK: What? Oh, right, right. Well, mum's the word.
HEX: Hey, look here, Mark
ACE: There's no point in trying to hide the truth, Hex. I mean, is there? We wouldn't want Mark here to start wondering what else you might have been up to.
HEX: Oh. Oh, right, no. Course not. Fair cop, Mark, you got us.
MARK: Yeah, I did. You pair.
HEX: Lot of security on this morning, isn't there?
MARK: Hmm? Er , Yeah. Some kind of alert, I think. Pro-US Core agitators in London for the summit. Or was it Pro-China? Ah, I forget. Forget my own name. Oh, I am really hung-over.
HEX: Well, we've got to run now, Mark.
MARK: Aren't you on? I bloody am.
HEX: Well, yeah, I am, but I mean, I've got to go..
ACE: I need to borrow Hex for about half an hour. Some inconsistencies in A & E supply requisition forms? You'll have signed off on your A F 8 G 97s, right, Mark?
MARK: My what? Er, yeah, probably.
ACE: Ah, Hex said you'd have it in hand, but he agreed to go over the spreadsheets with me just to make sure.
HEX: Just covering your backside, Mark. We don't want Admin docking your wages again, do we?
MARK: Absolutely not. You borrow him as long as you like, love. Good one, Hex. Owe you for that. Okay, er, got to dash. Lives to save and an aspirin to find. (receding) Should be able to do one or the other. I am a doctor, after all.
HEX: That was close.
ACE: Not really.
HEX: What?
ACE: Hex, if you think that was close, you'd better walk away now. Mathias was hung-over and an idiot, and had no reason to suspect us of any more than, than an inter-departmental snog.
HEX: Well
ACE: I'm serious, Hex. The people we're going up against are focussed, armed, and I suspect a whole lot more. And did I mention armed? So, do you want that coffee, or shall we say goodbye?
HEX: Coffee, definitely.

DOCTOR: Ace?
ACE [OC]:Reading you, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm on floor 9, approaching the data stacks. Another five minutes.
ACE [OC]:Okay, Doctor.
DOCTOR: System?
SYSTEM: Hello, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Open hatch 915, please.
SYSTEM: Hatch 915 allows access to my central data core. Access is highly restricted.
DOCTOR: I know that, System. We do this dance every day. You have forty three names on your file listed for clearance. What is the forty third?
SYSTEM: Checking. The Doctor.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Me. I know, because I put it there. Now, open the door.
(Door slides open, then closed.)
SYSTEM: What are you doing, Doctor?

DOCTOR: You've got eyes everywhere. You tell me.

SYSTEM: You are uncasing several technological units and items of apparatus of a design unknown to this system.

DOCTOR: Gallifreyan, actually. Data refractor, a hard light crypto-afer, two booster cells and a flux inhibitor. And this? This is a sonic screwdriver.

(Whirr of sonic screwdriver.)

SYSTEM: Please

DOCTOR: I'm not going to harm you, System.

SYSTEM: You are connecting your portable units to my main database. You are invading my stacks.

DOCTOR: Calm, System.

(Whirr of sonic screwdriver.)

DOCTOR: I've done this every day for the last two weeks, and then commanded you to forget. This won't hurt you.

(A final whirr.)

DOCTOR: There. Do you feel any pain?

SYSTEM: No, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Am I doing anything that runs counter to your programmed protocols?

SYSTEM: No, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Do I have full command of System up to and including the entry to C-Programme's restricted areas?

SYSTEM: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Then we're fine, aren't we? Ace, time to go.

ACE [OC]:We're going.

ACE: Okay?

HEX: Yeah.

SYSTEM: Floor 31. ICU and Nanosurgical.

(Lift door opens.)

HEX: System?

SYSTEM: Good morning, Anonymous User.

HEX: We'd like access into nanosurgery.

SYSTEM: Checking. Access denied.

ACE: Check again, Sys. We need access to C-Programme.

SYSTEM: Checking. Access denied.

ACE: Doctor? Doctor.

DOCTOR [OC]:Ace?

ACE: We're not getting in.

DOCTOR: System, why aren't you letting my friends in?

SYSTEM: The access codes have been rewritten.

DOCTOR: I know, I rewrote them myself.

SYSTEM: They have been rewritten since your override.

DOCTOR: Oh? By whom?

SYSTEM: User name Silver.

DOCTOR: Oh.

(Tapping on keyboard.)

DOCTOR: Just let me.

SYSTEM: Doctor, your access is still denied. User name Silver has overwritten your commands.

DOCTOR: Oh no. Ace? Get out of there now.

ACE [OC]:Doctor?

DOCTOR: Now, Ace. We've been rumbled.

(Lift doors close.)

HEX: What was that about?

ACE: Hard to say, except we're in trouble.

HEX: What?

ACE: Doctor, we're heading back to the atrium.

DOCTOR [OC]:Good. I'll find you another way in.

GARNIER: Polk, you called me.

POLK: Yes, sir. Look at this.

(Tapping on keyboard.)

GARNIER: At what? I see nothing.

POLK: Exactly. This security station has real-time monitoring of all hospital areas by System.
GARNIER: And?
POLK: Two attempts were made to access C-Programme on floor 31 in the last two minutes.
GARNIER: Did they fail?
POLK: Yes, Mister Garnier, they failed.
GARNIER: Let me see.
POLK: That is the point, sir. There is nothing to see.
GARNIER: What?
POLK: CCTV at the crucial area was blanked. It was manipulated. Someone is manipulating System itself.
GARNIER: I see. Polk, how many of the other prototypes are ready for active status?
POLK: All twenty of them.
GARNIER: Polk, re-double security. Find those intruders, and mobilise the prototypes in a security capacity.
(Typing on keyboard.)
POLK: Yes, Mister Garnier.

(Lift doors open.)

ACE: I can't believe we were busted.
HEX: Calm down, McShane. We got locked out, that's all.
ACE: That's all?
HEX: Yeah, and we'll find another way.
ACE: Like what?
HEX: Mathias.
ACE: What about him?
HEX: Mark's a Junior Attending. That gives him log-tag access to the morgue.
ACE: And?
HEX: The morgue is on 30. One floor down from Nano. Mark could get us in.
ACE: That actually sounds like a plan. Doctor, did you get that?
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes I did, Ace.
ACE: We'll go and find him.
DOCTOR [OC]: I'll stay where I am and try a few things.

ACE [OC]: Be careful, Doctor.
DOCTOR: As always. Now, System. What can you tell me about this mysterious user who's been undoing all my good work?
SYSTEM: That information is restricted.
DOCTOR: I'd a feeling you'd say that. Well now, it's got to be a security measure. Something they've implemented since they got their knickers in a twist over Ace last night.
SYSTEM: System is unable to comment.
DOCTOR: Don't worry, I was being rhetorical. So what else can I try?
SYSTEM: System is unable to
DOCTOR: Still rhetorical. Hmm. Our young Mister Hex. I wonder. (keyboard) His credentials are well-established in the system database. Maybe I could adjust the security clearance. Here we go. Schofield, Thomas Hector. Born, Stalybridge, twelfth of October 1998. Blah, blah, blah. Educated Aigburth, Merseyside. Nah, nah, nah. Medical degree from Middlesex. Hmm. Well. That's very interesting.

MARK: You want me to what?
HEX: Get us into the morgue, Mark. You've got log-tag clearance.
MARK: Hang on, hang on. It might be my hangover talking, but this seems a little suss to me.
ACE: It is. That paperwork I was reviewing with Hex? It flagged up some problems that my supervisor doesn't like. A scam. Using AFB-22 Q's. Someone in Ancillary is faking your signature, so they can help themselves to stock supplies.
HEX: And we think it's someone in the morgue department. We want to take a look.
MARK: What, now? Bit isn't that a job for internal security?
ACE: Yeah, but you know how slowly an official investigation moves. We could get evidence now, before they know we're onto them.
HEX: It'll get you points for diligence on your next pay review.
MARK: All right, all right. If I take you up there, do you promise to leave me alone with my aspirin?

MARK: Okay now? Satisfied?
HEX: We need a minute to look around.
MARK: Get on with it.
ACE: We're in, Doctor.
DOCTOR [OC]: Well done, Ace.

MARK: What?
ACE: I, I said, we're in, Doctor Mathias. Thanks.
MARK: No problem. God, all these stiffs. I know how you people feel.
HEX: Come on, Mark.
MARK: The offices are through there.
DOCTOR [OC]:Corridor 12F leads through to the access bay. According to my schematic, anyway.
ACE: Er, I want to try down here.
MARK: I thought you were after paperwork.
ACE: Yeah, in storage closets and lockers. Come on.
MARK: There's nothing here. Oh, and it smells. Can we go now?
ACE: Hang on a mo, I want to look through there.
HEX: Wait a sec, Mark. Let me borrow your log-tags.
MARK: Now what?
HEX: Hand them over. I want to swipe them so I can use this data point.
MARK: Like that's gonna help?
HEX: Just wait. System? Drawer number for Boyd, Damien.
SYSTEM: No match found.
HEX: Has he gone? Has his body been removed?
SYSTEM: No previous match found.
HEX: He lied to me.
MARK: Who?
HEX: Farrer, and that jerk from Security. He said Damo was in the morgue. Why would they lie?
MARK: Mate, what's this got to do with knocked-off stock? And
HEX: Nothing. Never mind.

ACE: Doctor?
DOCTOR [OC]:Ace? Where's Mister Hex?
ACE: Just down the hall. I think I've found a hatchway that leads up into the restricted area.
DOCTOR [OC]:What can you see?
ACE: A large loading bay. Big elevators for freight. Ah, there's a keypad on the hatch. It must be System-controlled.
DOCTOR [OC]:What about an identifier on the hatch itself?
ACE: Hang on.
(Moving things.)
ACE: Oh yeah. 3394.
DOCTOR [OC]:3394. All right, Ace. Let me see what I can do.
ACE: Right you are. Don't take too long.
MARK: There you are. What are you doing in here?
ACE: Just looking.
HEX: Find anything?
MARK: Look, we should go. I don't like this...
HEX: Relax.
MARK: I've never been in this part of the morgue before. I don't think I'm cleared to be here. Look, sorry pals, but we're going to leave now before Yours Truly gets into serious hot water!
HEX: Calm down, Mark.
(A sound nearby.)
MARK: Oh-oh.
HEX: The hatch is unlocking.
ACE: Oh, well done, Doctor.
MARK: I didn't do anything.
ACE: I didn't mean you.
DOCTOR [OC]:I didn't do anything either, Ace. I'm still working on the code.
ACE: But it's opening, Doctor.
DOCTOR [OC]:I think you should get out of there, Ace. All of you, get out right now.
(Crash.)
MARK: Oh my Lord. What the bloody hell are they?
HEX: McShane?
ACE: Run! Come on!
DOCTOR [OC]:Ace! Ace!
ACE: Doctor, they're Cybermen!

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: Ace! Ace! Hex! Ace! (comms dies) Ace? Hex? Are you there? Can you hear me? Oh no.

(Alarm sounding.)

HEX: Doctor. Doctor, are you there? Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]:Hex, is that you?

HEX: Yes.

DOCTOR [OC]:What in heaven's name happened? Where's Ace?

HEX: I don't know. I think they must have grabbed her. They were huge. Huge, and not men at all. God, Doctor. She yelled run, and we started running. I got to the door and I looked back, and, well, Mark and McShane weren't there. They weren't with me.

DOCTOR: It's okay, Hex.

HEX [OC]:No, it's not! I should have gone back, I should have!

DOCTOR: No, Hex.

HEX [OC]:I should have, Doctor. I just left them behind.

DOCTOR: Listen to me, Hex. Listen. If you'd gone back, you'd have been caught too. There's nothing you could have done. Do you hear me?

HEX [OC]:Yeah.

DOCTOR: You and I are still free to rescue Ace.

HEX [OC]:Okay. Yes.

DOCTOR: Where are you?

HEX: I'm er, I'm on 28. Orthopaedics.

DOCTOR [OC]:Can you reach the elevators?

HEX: I think so.

SECURITY: I'll do the front.

HEX: No! Security guards.

DOCTOR [OC]:Yes. The whole hospital is on alert.

HEX: I can get to the stairs.

DOCTOR [OC]:Emergency stairwell?

HEX: Yeah.

DOCTOR: No. Head for the main public stairs. Stick to crowds.

HEX [OC]:Okay.

DOCTOR: Hex, I'm leaving you now. Head downstairs for the atrium and I'll try and meet you there.

HEX [OC]:Okay.

DOCTOR: And keep in contact. System?

SYSTEM: Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Open the hatch, please. Main atrium, please.

SYSTEM: Descending.

DOCTOR: How are you doing, Mister Hex?

HEX: Okay, I think. Heading down the main stairs. God. Security everywhere. Scanning log-tags.

DOCTOR [OC]:Just keep going. Act casual.

HEX: Easy for you to say.

DOCTOR [OC]:Grab something, a file, some case notes, a set of films. Look like you're taking them somewhere. Maybe you read them over with keen interest as you go.

HEX: Right. Okay, I can do that.

DOCTOR: Good. Now, hang on a mo. I'll be right back.

SYSTEM: Third floor, Administration.

DOCTOR: Hello. Going down?

HEX: Doctor. Doctor? Where are ya? Doctor, why aren't ya answering? Doctor, if you can hear me, I'm in the atrium. I'm heading towards the street exit. Please, Doctor? If you can't talk, give me some kind of signal.

GARNIER: That's quite far enough.

HEX: What?

GARNIER: Staff Nurse Schofield. Yeah, we've been looking for you. The little matter of a security breach up on 30.

HEX: I don't know what you're talking about.

GARNIER: Oh, I'm sure you don't. We take a very dim view of security infractions in this hospital. These gentlemen will escort you to a private office where we can review the issue in more detail.

HEX: Don't threaten me with your rent-a-goons. I work here. I haven't done anything wrong, and. Hey! Let

me go! Get off!

GARNIER: Don't make a scene, Mister Schofield. Nothing to see, ladies and gentlemen, just move along now. Everything's under control.

(Boom! Alarms go off.)

GARNIER: Polk! Polk, cover the area. Garnier. System, we've got an explosion down here in the atrium. Emergency procedures and crowd control, now.

DOCTOR: Hex! Over here.

HEX: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Down here, out of sight.

HEX: What happened?

DOCTOR: Those thugs as good as had you. You needed a diversion.

HEX: But that explosion, and that gas, smoke?

DOCTOR: Ah, yes. Amazing what you can knock up at short notice from the cleaning products on a maintenance cart.

HEX: You did that?

DOCTOR: Full of sound and fury, but completely harmless. Well, it might set off a few sprinklers, I suppose. Now, keep up, Mister Hex. We can't hang around here.

HEX: Where are we going?

DOCTOR: To regroup, rethink.

(Traffic noise.)

HEX: And return, I hope. Doctor, we've got to get McShane out of there. Mark too. Those things that grabbed them. Doctor, you've no idea.

DOCTOR: Brushed steel silver? Faces like chrome masks? Seven or eight feet tall?

HEX: You know what they are? You've met them before?

DOCTOR: Unfortunately, yes. The last thing I heard Ace say was Cybermen.

HEX: What does that mean?

DOCTOR: It means just about the worst possible thing you can imagine. And it means that my hunch was right.

HEX: Hunch?

DOCTOR: About the origins of the xenotech that C-Programme is mucking around with.

HEX: Are you telling me that these Cybermen aren't human?

DOCTOR: Yes. And no. The ones you encountered back there probably were human. Or used to be. It's complicated.

HEX: Just give it to me straight.

DOCTOR: That may result in another of your oh-my-God sessions.

HEX: I think I'm way past that now, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Very well. Earth used to have a twin called Mondas.

HEX: Oh, my God.

DOCTOR: I told you. Taxi!

(Taxi pulls up.)

DOCTOR: Shoreditch. Totter's Lane.

TAXI DRIVER: Righto, Guv.

(In the taxi.)

HEX: Sorry, you were saying. This Mondas.

DOCTOR: Like Earth in almost every way, including a very human-like indigenous race. Then Mondas began to drift.

HEX: Drift? A planet?

DOCTOR: Its orbit was catastrophically disturbed. Mondas wandered out of the limits of its solar system, far from the life-giving properties of the sun. It became cold and dead. But the people of Mondas struggled to survive. They began to armour themselves against the aching cold of interstellar space. Suits at first, then cybernetic implantation.

HEX: Machine parts?

DOCTOR: Oh yes. Replacement organs, tissues, bones and sinew, until they had conquered their need for air, for heat, for food, for water. Until, Mister Hex, they had replaced every last organic shred of themselves with alloys and plastics and mechanised systems.

HEX: And they'd become Cybermen? It's a tragic story. You almost feel sorry for them.

DOCTOR: Don't, because they'll never return the favour. That's their real tragedy. When they shed their flesh in favour of metal, they discarded organic values along with it. Compassion, feeling, love, humour.

Understand what a Cyberman is, Mister Hex. Ruthlessly logical, merciless, damn near immortal, incapable of feeling, implacable in war, impossible to reason with. And right here, on Earth, most likely with the unswerving intention of building a whole new generation of their kind by harvesting the human race.

HEX: So how do we stop them? How the hell are we gonna get back in there?

DOCTOR: I'm rather afraid we're going to have to use the Tardis.

(Door slides open and closed.)

POLK: Bring them.

MARK: How long are you going to hold us like this?

ACE: As long as they like.

MARK: Let me go, let me go.

ACE: Give it a rest, Mathias. They're not going to listen.

MARK: I demand you let me go now. Right now.

POLK: Shut up.

ACE: I told you.

MARK: Where are you taking us? Oh my God. Look. Look what they're doing. Look what they're doing.

POLK: Shut up.

(Door slides open.)

ACE: Ah! Please stop snivelling, Mathias. I've got enough to deal with.

MARK: Did you see? Did you see? I mean, that lab area they marched us past? Did you see what those machines were doing?

ACE: I saw.

MARK: That man, it was like vivisection. Taking him to pieces, packing up the parts...

ACE: I saw, okay? I saw. Doctor? Doctor, can you hear me?

MARK: Of course I bloody can. I'm right here.

ACE: Not you. I was trying my mic. I think it was damaged when they grabbed us.

MARK: Your mic? You were mic'd up? What is this? What the bloody hell have you got me into?

ACE: Something very bad, I'm afraid. Oh, I'm sorry, Mathias.

(Door slides open and closed.)

GARNIER: Doctor Mark Mathias, Junior Attending A & E. And Ms D McShane

ACE: Just McShane.

GARNIER: From Human Resources and all points west.

MARK: I know you. Garnier. You're Security.

GARNIER: David Garnier, Executive Security Officer.

MARK: Look, you've got no right to hold us here, buster. So we went into a prohibited area. So bloody what? It was nothing. You've no right

GARNIER: I've every right I need. You should know that I'm acting under the powers of this year's Euro-Combine Special Provisions Act, subsection 9. It's never been enforced before. It was specifically drawn up to safeguard this facility.

MARK: But

GARNIER: It means, Doctor, that in the interests of European Council Security, I can do anything I like with you. And I'm going to have to, because you've seen far too much.

MARK: A waiver?

GARNIER: I beg your pardon?

MARK: Can't we sign some non-disclosure waiver? The Official Secrets Act.

GARNIER: (laughs) What a lovely idea. If only it was that simple.

MARK: It could be.

GARNIER: I'm pretty sure, Doctor Mathias, you're a bit of a buffoon whose blundered into this.

MARK: Huh.

GARNIER: But you, McShane. Huh. You're different.

ACE: I try.

GARNIER: Under scrutiny your background falls to pieces. Your employment records, your Euro citizenship, even your date of birth, fabrications. Now, my responsibilities require that I learn the truth from you. Who are you working for?

ACE: Human resources.

GARNIER: Are you freelance or contracted by a foreign competitor?

ACE: No, more bob-a-job.

GARNIER: I want to know your contacts. The structure of the espionage net you were part of.

ACE: Just me and the Doctor.

GARNIER: Mathias?

MARK: What?

ACE: *The* Doctor, not that Doctor.

GARNIER: The? What is this Doctor's name?

ACE: You know, I never thought to ask.

GARNIER: Yes. Well, I've, I've details to handle right now. I'll give you time to think about the answers you'll offer the next time I ask these questions.

ACE: Oh, next time make it a multiple choice. I always aced those at school.

GARNIER: Ms McShane.

ACE: Just McShane.

GARNIER: I don't do threats per se. Far too primitive for this modern civilised era. But I'd like you to bear in mind that expedient solutions can be found to the problem of your reticence. C-Programme has a great demand for spare biological resources.

ACE: Hmm, human resources. I get it. Good one. Oh, David? Are *you* in control of the Cybermen, or are they in control of *you*?

GARNIER: How do you know? You, you are remarkably well-informed.

ACE: You bet I am. And by the way, whatever you like to think, they're the ones calling the shots.

(Taxi stops, passengers out.)

DOCTOR: Keep the change.

TAXI DRIVER: Cheers, Guv.

(Taxi drives off.)

HEX: This Tardis. What is it exactly?

DOCTOR: Time And Relative Dimension In Space.

HEX: Right.

DOCTOR: It's an acronym.

HEX: Yeah, but what is it?

DOCTOR: Well, last night I believe you mistook it for a toilet.

(Echoing area.)

HEX: Seriously though, it's all very clever with that bigger inside than outside optical illusion thing.

DOCTOR: Optical illusion? How dearly the human mind clings to the rational explanations.

HEX: Whatever. What good's it going to do us sat here, though?

DOCTOR: 74, 75. Parking bay 76. Ah, here we are. Home sweet home. After you.

(Tardis door opens.)

DOCTOR: Come on, get it over with.

(Tardis doors close.)

HEX: Oh my God.

DOCTOR: Thank you.

HEX: Last night was a surprise. But in daylight? I, I thought I'd be able to see how you did it.

DOCTOR: I don't do it. *It* does it. The Tardis, Mister Hex, is a Space-Time travel capsule. Its interior is transdimensional. It can be large or small without any relationship to the material space it occupies outside.

HEX: It's amazing. It's xenotech, isn't it?

DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?

HEX: Non-terrestrial.

DOCTOR: Oh, well-spotted.

HEX: Does that mean, you're non-terrestrial too?

DOCTOR: Er, well, let's not run before we can walk, eh? And certainly, let's not walk before we've crawled out of the primordial ooze. You're going to have a hard enough time not saying oh my God when you see what I'm going to do next.

HEX: Which is?

DOCTOR: Was there a particular part of Time-Space travel capsule that you didn't get?

HEX: (laughs) This is a time machine?

DOCTOR: Partly.

HEX: Why does it look like

DOCTOR: Don't you dare say toilet!

HEX: Police Box.

DOCTOR: Long story. Short version. A malfunction in chameleon circuit.

HEX: Okay.

DOCTOR: The Tardis, Mister Hex, is extremely good at transporting me through Time and Space. Planet to planet, year to year, era to era, city to city. But, it's getting old. It's out of warranty, for a start. It's a little cantankerous.

(Mechanical growl.)

DOCTOR: No offence, old girl.

HEX: And that's a problem?

DOCTOR: Set the Tardis to London 2021, and it'll get you there. Usually. But, to get more specific than that, to execute a precise point-to-point transfer, say from Totter's Lane to floor 31 of Saint Gart's Hospital - well, that takes a great deal of finesse, and luck, and blind faith.

HEX: Because?

DOCTOR: Because, if I calculate the time rotor target coordinates just one micro-tachyon out, we'll rematerialise outside the Tower, or inside a wall.

HEX: And that would be bad?
DOCTOR: Young man, you have no idea. Okay, hold onto your hat.
HEX: I haven't got one.
DOCTOR: Then hold onto mine.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)

FARRER: Okay. Suction, please. Lavage. There, round the section. Anticoagulant?
SYSTEM: At nine over six, Doctor Farrer.
FARRER: Adjust centrifuge pump rate. Okay, I've got this in view. Increase pericardiocentesis. Better. The necrotised tissue is excised. Sponges. Present the fresh graft. Yes, that looks nice.
SYSTEM: Green on type match, Doctor Farrer.
FARRER: Thank you, System. I like that. There. Activate nano-sutures. Okay, we're good. Excellent work, everybody.
SUBJECT ONE: Doctor Farrer.
FARRER: How are you feeling?
SUBJECT ONE: Raw.
FARRER: I really wish you'd let my anaesthetist put you under for the duration.
SUBJECT ONE: Every sensation is a new experience. Even pain. I wish to know them all.
FARRER: Of course you do.
SUBJECT ONE: I have encountered a new, a new sensation. A new feeling.
FARRER: Have you?
SUBJECT ONE: It is, I think, fear.
FARRER: Fear?
SUBJECT ONE: Is my new body failing me, Doctor? Am I going to die?
FARRER: Of, of course not.
SUBJECT ONE: This is the third time my body has rejected a graft.
FARRER: Tissue rejection, especially at the post-graft stage, is a matter of course. There's nothing to worry about.
SUBJECT ONE: Worry?
FARRER: Another feeling I hope you'll not have to deal with.
SUBJECT ONE: Flesh mechanics seems to be an imprecise art on this world.
FARRER: Relax, you're in safe hands, expert hands.
SUBJECT ONE: Your hands. I admire them, Doctor Farrer. They are very gifted.
FARRER: (laughs) Thank you.
SYSTEM: Doctor Farrer, David Garnier is outside.
FARRER: I'll be right out. You'll be fine. They're going to wheel you through the post-op recovery, do a few tests and then return you to your room.
SUBJECT ONE: Thank you, Doctor. I am in your hands.
FARRER: Yes.
SUBJECT ONE: These hands.
FARRER: Yes. Please let me go.
SUBJECT ONE: I trust you, Doctor.
FARRER: Good. You're squeezing. Ow!
SUBJECT ONE: I am sorry.
FARRER: Oh, that's fine. I'll be back to check on you.

FARRER: David?
GARNIER: We've detained one of the spies. The girl, McShane.
FARRER: Well done, you.
GARNIER: Is everything all right?
FARRER: I. Yes, yes, everything's fine.
(Washing hands.)
GARNIER: Doctor Farrer?
FARRER: We keep suffering massive graft rejections on the guest subjects.
GARNIER: All of them?
FARRER: Every damn one.
GARNIER: What about the cybernisation?
FARRER: (laughs) Oh, that's fine. We've got their vast experience to draw on, all their technical know-how. Flesh to metal, no problems there. But the other way round, oh Christ, David. This is new ground, big new steps. I, I'm learning, but it's like a plate-spinning act. Keeping all seven of them alive, a liver here, a lung graft there, re-graft, rejection, re-graft, rejection.
GARNIER: You can only do your best, Stephen.
FARRER: But they expect *more*, that was the deal. They brought us the specifications for the cyber-process.

We gave them what they wanted in return.

GARNIER: Flesh?

FARRER: Just so.

GARNIER: Well, we must do our best. You must do your best. If we can't sustain their new lifeforms, then, that's the way it goes. We tried. Sometimes I think we'd be better off if they all died.

FARRER: David!

GARNIER: I mean, they weren't alive in the first place. They're only alive now because of you.

FARRER: And I intend to keep them that way. Which means, given the current rate of rejection, I'm going to need a considerable reserve of viable tissue.

GARNIER: Well, don't worry. I can keep your organ banks fed.

FARRER: What does that mean?

GARNIER: Nothing. Just that the Euro-Council emergency powers are now in force.

(The Tardis materialises, door opens.)

DOCTOR: Good news. We're not dead.

HEX: Always an encouraging sign. Are we really inside the C-Programme?

DOCTOR: We really are. Well done, old girl. Come on, let's see what horrors await us here.

(Tardis door closes.)

HEX: Doesn't look like the hospital at all. More like a military installation.

DOCTOR: Yes. Sealed and shielded. You see the exterior windows are blacked out. C-Programme is its own private secret world. I particularly love what they've done to the grey paint.

(Stomping.)

HEX: Doctor.

DOCTOR: In here.

(Stomping passes.)

DOCTOR: Close.

HEX: That was a Cyberman?

DOCTOR: In the flesh, so to speak. Not quite a top-of-the-range model. Quite crude, in fact, compared to some of the late generation versions I've seen. But still, unmistakably a Cyberman.

HEX: What's through here?

DOCTOR: Let's take a look.

(Door slides open and closed.)

HEX: (sniffs) The air smells funny.

DOCTOR: Climate control.

HEX: All these racks. Rows of them. What do they store in 'ere?

DOCTOR: Recognise that?

HEX: Ugh! It's a chest plate.

DOCTOR: Back plate, actually, but close enough. This?

HEX: A ceramic knee joint.

DOCTOR: Spare parts, Mister Hex. Build your own Cybermen. Small parts not suitable for unsupervised humans. A danger of genocide.

HEX: So they really are making 'em here?

DOCTOR: Indeed. With the intention of mass production, it would seem.

HEX: Down here, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Ah ha! A fabrication plant, fully automated. Manufacturing the machine components for cybernisation. Very efficient. At times like this the Luddite in me is surprisingly hard to contain.

HEX: Doctor, this display. If I'm reading it right, it appears to show a specific human male.

DOCTOR: Let me see. You're right. Vincent, Craig S. Every anatomical measurement CAD-scanned. The fab-plant's building his cyber-components like a bespoke suit. I've not seen this before.

HEX: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: Cybernisation isn't usually an exact science, more a case of one size fits all. I've never known them tailor-make cyberimplants. Somewhere here there must be. Ah ha. There.

HEX: Data terminal.

DOCTOR: Yes. Let's see now. A list of subjects. CVs, medical histories. Anatomical CAD scans. Parsons, John. Polk, Christopher C. Small, Jonathan S. Lanning, Andrew M. There's more than twenty of them. Every last one of them a pilot or a science officer assigned to the Euro-Space Administration.

HEX: Turning astronaut candidates into

DOCTOR: It's worse than that, Mister Hex. Look here. Each bio-file has an attached affidavit. A statement signed by the candidate, volunteering for cybernisation.

HEX: That's just insane. Who'd volunteer for that?

DOCTOR: Apparently the brightest and the best. Remember what I was saying about space programmes? If the Euro-Combine can start launching astronauts who are armoured against vacuum, zero gravity, cosmic rays, astronauts who require no life support, no nourishment, astronauts who can survive long-range long-

term space missions? Well, with pioneers like that, Europe will be leading the race to post-terrestrial colonisation by a very, very wide margin.

HEX: This isn't what you expected, is it?

DOCTOR: My life has taught me not to expect much at all except surprises and disappointments. But you're right. I'm beginning to wonder who's the real menace here. The Cybermen, or Eurocrats in Belgium.

ACE: Finally.

MARK: Are, are they going to let us go?

(Stomping.)

ACE: I shouldn't think so.

FARRER: Get up.

ACE: And I was just getting comfortable.

FARRER: Polk, get them up.

MARK: Look, this just isn't right. It just isn't.

POLK: Shut up.

MARK: Get off. Ah! Ah! Ah!

POLK: Resistance is futile.

FARRER: That's enough, Polk. Don't damage the software. You know, I think Polk's really beginning to get into character.

ACE: What character? I've seen toasters with more personality.

FARRER: Spoken as someone who has far too much personality for her own good.

ACE: So what now, David? Bright lights? Recreational dentistry? The old good Cyberman, bad Cyberman routine?

FARRER: Not at all, no. You're needed.

ACE: What?

FARRER: Well, bits of you, anyway. Ms McShane, Doctor Mathias, you're about to make a vital contribution to the European space programme. And I do mean vital.

HEX: God. It's freezing in here.

DOCTOR: A little nippy, I'll admit.

HEX: These illuminated tanks, bolted to the walls, full of. Oh God, that's disgusting!

DOCTOR: Yes, disgusting is a word that springs to mind.

HEX: Doctor, there must be thirty-five, forty bodies in 'ere, all of 'em all

DOCTOR: Harvested. That's the word you're looking for, Mister Hex. Stripped of organs and body parts, but kept alive in stasis.

HEX: For what?

DOCTOR: Donors. This is a tissue bank for organic spares.

HEX: I thought I had a strong stomach. I mean, working in A & E, but this? Oh, this

DOCTOR: This is another complete surprise. Why would they be harvesting organic parts? I thought this would be just another Cyber-factory. Humans unwittingly complying with the latest efforts of Cyber-kind to remake life in its own cold image. But it's not. Well, it is, but it's more than that.

HEX: No, no.

DOCTOR: Mister Hex, what's the matter?

HEX: It's Damo.

DOCTOR: Who's Damo?

HEX: A friend. The one I told you about. The one who died.

DOCTOR: Ah.

HEX: What have they done to him?

DOCTOR: They've used him, like they use everybody. Look away, Mister Hex. Don't let that be the way you remember your friend.

HEX: I can't. I can't do this, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You can. You must. For your friend if nothing else. It's always harder when it gets personal. I know.

HEX: Doctor.

(Door slides open.)

HEX: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Run, Hex!

CYBERMAN: Halt. Do not attempt to escape.

DOCTOR: Go, go!

CYBERMAN: Halt. Halt. Resistance is futile.

DOCTOR: Down there!

HEX: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Go that way! I'll try and lead them astray!

HEX: What are you

DOCTOR: Go!

CYBERMAN: Resistance is futile. Do not attempt to escape.

HEX: Doctor? I wish you were here to see this place. It's a Frankenstein's lab. Automated surgical systems, auto glaives, strap-downs, fluid sluices.

(Door slides open.)

HEX: Oh, crap.

(Door slides closed.)

FARRER: Auto-surgeons to active, please, System.

SYSTEM: Yes, Doctor Farrer.

HEX: Please don't look down here. Please don't look down here. Please don't look down here.

SYSTEM: Harvesting auto-systems at optimum, Doctor.

FARRER: Thank you. What's the latest emergency?

SYSTEM: Subject Two has rejected the gall bladder graft. Display on monitor.

FARRER: Yes, as expected.

SYSTEM: Subject Seven has developed a nosocomial infection in his lungs and upper intestine.

FARRER: Ah. Just like spinning plates.

SYSTEM: Doctor?

FARRER: Never mind. Display all compatible organs in the bio-bank.

SYSTEM: On your main monitor.

(Door slides open and closed.)

MARK: Look no further, Doctor Farrer.

HEX: (sotto) McShane. Mark.

FARRER: Garnier, what is this?

ACE: What do we look like?

GARNIER: Your organ donors, Doctor.

ACE: Now, wait a minute!

MARK: Hey, hey, you can't do this. You Argh!

POLK: Resistance is futile.

FARRER: Garnier, these are people. Living people. You can't expect me to just render them down.

GARNIER: Oh? When did you get so picky? All the other organs for the recarnative programme came from people too, Doctor.

FARRER: Yes I know, but from casualty victims, the brain-dead, bodies that would not otherwise live. This is, this is tantamount to murder.

GARNIER: As I understand it, Doctor Farrer, two of our very special guests will flat-line from chronic organ failure in the next thirty minutes. The Euro-Combine is dedicated to maintaining our cooperative links with the Cyber-race. You will operate. You will save their lives.

FARRER: By murdering this young man and this young woman?

GARNIER: I authorise it by the Emergency Powers. Polk, strap them down.

ACE: Ow!

MARK: Ow!

ACE: Ow!

FARRER: David, where is your soul? I can't do this!

GARNIER: I have a signed contract that says otherwise, Stephen. Harvest and be damned.

ACE: Oh, you really are thick, aren't you, David?

GARNIER: I don't think you're in any position to comment, Ms McShane.

FARRER: I won't do it.

MARK: You tell him, Doc!

GARNIER: You will. And I'll leave Cyber-human Parsons here to ensure you do. Twenty five minutes and counting, Doctor.

(Leaves.)

ACE: Doctor Farrer, you don't have to do this.

MARK: For God's sakes, Doctor, you know me. I'm staff.

PARSONS: You will commence the procedure.

FARRER: I will not! Argh!

PARSONS: You will commence the procedure.

FARRER: All right, all right. Start incision cutters.

ACE: You're kidding. No!

MARK: Don't, don't!

ACE: No!

MARK: Oh Jesus. Please!

DOCTOR: Now, I think I might have lost them at last. Mmm. This looks interesting.
(Keypad, door slides open and closed.)
SUBJECT ONE: Who is there?
DOCTOR: Oh. Sorry to intrude. Just er, good gracious.
SUBJECT ONE: Who are you?
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor. Just doing my rounds.
SUBJECT ONE: I am Doctor Farrer's patient. Where is Doctor Farrer?
DOCTOR: Busy. I'm filling in for him. And what matters is who you are, and what you were. A Cyberman.
SUBJECT ONE: Correct.
DOCTOR: But not so Cyber any more. You're flesh and blood. Rather poorly put together, if I may say so.
SUBJECT ONE: This is a prototype graft body.
DOCTOR: Which would explain the sutures and the swellings and the bits that, that don't quite work.
SUBJECT ONE: There will be revisions.
DOCTOR: I hope so. What was your rank?
SUBJECT ONE: Cyber Leader.
DOCTOR: Cyber Leader. As senior as that? And here you are, swapping cyber for flesh. Care to comment?
SUBJECT ONE: You seem curiously uninformed. If you are one of Doctor Farrer's associates, why have you not been briefed?
DOCTOR: Ah, well, er, that's confidential, I'm afraid, and
(Door slides open and closed.)
GARNIER: Ah, the notorious Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh, I don't know about notorious.
GARNIER: Polk, kill him.
DOCTOR: Ah!
POLK: Resistance is futile.

ACE: Farrer!
MARK: Dear God!
ACE: For pity's sake, Farrer!
MARK: Dear God, please!
FARRER: I can't do this.
PARSONS: (sounding Cyberman) You will comply.
FARRER: Ah! Sorry. I'm so very sorry.

[Part Four]

HEX: Stop it. Stop it!
ACE: Hex? Hex!
HEX: Stop it! Let them go.
PARSONS: Do not interfere. Threats to the programme will be eliminated.
HEX: Farrer! Help me, for God's sake!
MARK: Let him go. You'll snap his neck.
PARSONS: Threats to the programme will be eliminated.
(Whirring, Parsons gurgles.)
FARRER: System, shut down the auto-surgeons, now.
SYSTEM: Yes, Doctor Farrer.
ACE: Oh. Oh, thank God. Are you all right, Mathias?
MARK: Just get me off this bloody bench.
HEX: You cut his head off.
FARRER: Yes. I wasn't sure the bone saw was going to go right through. All that work.
HEX: Never mind that, Doctor. Help me get these two free. Come on, McShane. You okay?
ACE: Not the most fun I've ever had. Thanks, though. Nice save.
FARRER: Up you get, Doctor Mathias.
MARK: Uh-huh. Doctor Farrer?
FARRER: Yes. (thump) Argh!
MARK: You were going to kill us!
HEX: Mark! That's enough, Mark.
MARK: You were going to cut us apart!
ACE: Leave him alone, Mathias. He's not worth it. Get up, Farrer.
FARRER: We have to get out of here.
ACE: We're not finished here yet.
FARRER: You don't understand. The prototypes are all linked by a transmission network. They will all know that something's happened to, well, Parsons here, and they won't be very happy about it.

(Alarm starts.)

ACE: That's not good.

FARRER: See? I can probably get us to the main exit. My log-tag has clearance.

ACE: Hex, how did you get in here?

HEX: A little blue box.

ACE: The Doctor's with you?

HEX: He was, but we got separated. Just hope he's okay.

(The Doctor groans.)

POLK: Resistance is futile.

SUBJECT ONE: Wait. Do not kill him, Polk. He is useful to us.

GARNIER: What are you talking about? He's a spy, he's a foreign agent.

SUBJECT ONE: More foreign than you can imagine, Executive Security Officer Garnier.

DOCTOR: Ah. So you *do* recognise me.

SUBJECT ONE: I no longer have access to my data archives, but, I remember. The Doctor is coded into the engrams of all Cybermen. You have been a singular opponent of Cyber-kind.

DOCTOR: Credit where credit's due. Someone has to be. Of course, I'm entitled to try to stop you. I mean, after all, although I am ashamed to admit it, it's my fault your race survived in the first place.

GARNIER: This is all nonsense. He's a security hazard and he must be

SUBJECT ONE: System, scan the Doctor's bio-template.

SYSTEM: Subject does not fit fundamental biological patterns. The Doctor is not human.

DOCTOR: In the present circumstances, that's a fact I'm rather proud of.

GARNIER: He's an alien?

SUBJECT ONE: A Time Lord. One of a breed of meddlers. But his mind contains extensive and advanced technical knowledge.

DOCTOR: You're too kind.

SUBJECT ONE: Apt then that you will help us now. You will use your superior knowledge to compensate for this world's rudimentary surgical skill. You will finish the recarnative work.

DOCTOR: And make you and your kin living flesh?

GARNIER: Is this true? Are you some kind of expert?

DOCTOR: Oh, some kind.

GARNIER: The recarnative programme is in jeopardy. Under the powers of the 2021 Euro-Combine Special Provisions Act subsection nine, I am co-opting you to assist the needs of this facility.

DOCTOR: (laughs) I don't take orders from petty bureaucrats, Mister Garnier. I certainly don't take orders from weak men desperate to protect their careers and save their own hides.

GARNIER: You will comply!

DOCTOR: No I will not! Have you any idea how misbegotten this enterprise is? Have you any conception of the danger you're manufacturing within these walls? Your beloved Euro-Council superiors won't praise you for this, Garnier. They won't even remember you as a loyal servant of the Combine. And you know why? Because they'll all be soulless silver monsters marching to a sterile alien logic along with you and the rest of humanity!

GARNIER: You will comply, Doctor. You will cooperate with Euro-Council directives.

DOCTOR: Why? Because resistance is useless? Listen to yourself, Garnier. You don't even need the implants.

GARNIER: You will comply, or Polk will dismantle you.

DOCTOR: Polk? He's a fine fellow. But he seems to me a little distracted.

GARNIER: What? What's the matter, Polk?

POLK: There is an alert in the harvesting lab. Cyberman Parsons has ceased transmitting.

GARNIER: Well, the others will deal with it.

POLK: The programme must be protected.

GARNIER: I said leave it to the others, Polk.

POLK: The programme must be protected.

DOCTOR: You'll find once you've given them an order, they're very single-minded.

GARNIER: Very well, Polk. See to the alert.

(Gun loaded.)

GARNIER: I'll handle this.

DOCTOR: Oh, how very Humphrey Bogart, Mister Garnier.

GARNIER: Be quiet. Polk? You and the other prototypes have access to the weapons locker. Authorisation Garnier 1725 D. Protect the programme.

POLK: I will.

(Walking off. Door slides open, closed.)

DOCTOR: I really don't think that was such a good idea.

GARNIER: I don't care what you think.

DOCTOR: Then care what I know. If you expect me to help you, Cyber Leader, you'd better bring me up to speed, fast.

SUBJECT ONE: Very well, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Good. First then, how did you come to be here on Earth?

GARNIER: That's classified.

SUBJECT ONE: I was in command of a small expeditionary force, Doctor, myself and six units. There was a malfunction and we crashed.

DOCTOR: How unfortunate. Where?

SUBJECT ONE: A mountainous region.

GARNIER: In the Pyrenees. Euro-Council team secured the site.

DOCTOR: And decided to help yourselves to the advanced technology.

GARNIER: Well, they were hurt. Well, damaged. We provided them with aid, every resource at our disposal. In return, they offered us technical advancements to

DOCTOR: To accelerate your space programme. Oh, don't look so surprised, Mister Garnier. I worked that much out myself. You're borrowing Cyber-tech to create a new generation of post-human astronauts. And that much I understand. Typical misguided human ambition. Oh, I've seen it so many times before, sadly.

Confronted with wondrous toys you can't stop yourself playing with, and all the while the oh-so-logical voice of the Cyberman telling you it's okay, telling you cybernisation is a good thing. But in return? Why flesh?

SUBJECT ONE: We have wearied of our cold existence.

DOCTOR: Oh really? My hearts bleed.

SUBJECT ONE: This world is not Mondas. It is not so frozen and lifeless that only the Cyber-implanted can survive here. It is warm. It is vital. It offers us a chance to enjoy lives of sensation and feeling.

DOCTOR: But your so-called cold existence was self-imposed.

SUBJECT ONE: By the race, not by us.

DOCTOR: What are you saying? You, and your six comrades, you want your organic identities back?

SUBJECT ONE: That is all we have asked for, in return for our technology.

DOCTOR: I. No. I, I, I doubt you can go back.

SUBJECT ONE: The recarnative process the humans are providing here is crude, admittedly, but it

DOCTOR: I didn't mean that. It's not just a matter of your physical state. The destructive legacy of the Cybermen casts a long and indelible shadow over everything.

SUBJECT ONE: We can try.

DOCTOR: I wish I believed you. The notion that even the likes of you can aspire to redemption? But I know the Cyber mind-set. You rejected flesh because it was weak.

SUBJECT ONE: We have re-appraised. We have come to realise flesh offers subtle traits that are otherwise denied to us. In its very fallibility, the organic state possesses nuances of thought and behaviour. These are advantages we wish to regain.

DOCTOR: Such as?

SUBJECT ONE: Individuality. Decision making. Compassion. Appreciation. Interaction. The ability to regard an issue with more than just the binary yes-no of pure logic.

SYSTEM: Alert. Subjects Two and Five are suffering serious graft rejection. Assistance required.

GARNIER: Blast. System, find Doctor Farrer.

SYSTEM: Doctor Farrer is not answering his pages.

GARNIER: Oh, damn it.

SUBJECT ONE: We have the Doctor. He will repair the damage.

GARNIER: Doctor? No more discussion. This way.

POLK: Report.

CYBERMAN 1: One of us has been destroyed.

POLK: Is this confirmed?

CYBERMAN 2: Operational transmissions from Cyber-human Parsons ceased. His non-functioning form has been located in the harvesting facility.

POLK: This is a threat to the programme.

CYBERMAN 1 + CYBERMAN 2: The programme must be protected.

POLK: Threats to the programme will be eliminated. System will now open security weapons locker. Authority Garnier 1725 D.

SYSTEM: Authority recognised. Locker enabled.

POLK: Secure the area. Protect the programme. Threats to the programme will be eliminated.

(Door slides open and closed.)

DOCTOR: Should there be alarms ringing all over the place?

GARNIER: It's a security matter, not your concern, Doctor. This, however, is.

DOCTOR: Ah ha. Your six comrades, Cyber Leader, suspended in bio-support tanks. And none of them in particularly rude health.

SUBJECT ONE: System, provide the Doctor with medical status details of subjects two through seven.

SYSTEM: It's on the main display.

DOCTOR: All of them are suffering organ failure and serious rejection trauma. They're dying. I'm not sure there's anything I

SUBJECT ONE: Please, Doctor.

DOCTOR: It disturbs me to hear myself say this, Cyber Leader, but I am sympathetic. This tragically belated attempt to recover your lost humanity is remarkable. It's heartening to see there is still hope even in the most hopeless cases. But as to what I can practically do?

GARNIER: You can try, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Pointing at me with that weapon won't help, Garnier. But shutting down C-Programme and all the active Cyber-humans just might.

(Screams, automatic weapons fire.)

CYBERMEN: Threats identified . Threats identified. Resistance is futile. Including threats to the programme. Halt. Do not attempt to escape. Do not attempt to escape. Resistance is

MARK: What kind of idiot gave those things guns?

ACE: Keep your voice down, Mathias.

MARK: It's bloody carnage out there! They're shooting everybody. Nurses, technicians, security pol. Jesus Christ!

ACE: Keep the door shut.

HEX: Have the Cybermen just flipped out? I mean, they're mowing down all the hospital staff.

FARRER: Human hospital staff.

ACE: What? What does that mean, Farrer?

FARRER: Garnier commanded them to protect the programme. The Cyber-humans are not enormously subtle. They take commands literally. They know a human destroyed one of them, thereby threatening the programme, and their collective existence, therefore

HEX: Therefore what?

FARRER: Therefore all humans, all non-Cybermen, are a threat to be expunged.

MARK: Well, that's just great.

HEX: And not a little ironic, seeing as though it was you who killed the Cyberman, Doctor.

FARRER: I was saving your lives!

MARK: Saving our? Let me smack him again!

HEX: Mark! Back off.

ACE: That is a rather moot point, Farrer. So, where will they draw the line?

FARRER: What do you mean?

ACE: At what point will they stop killing? When they've massacred everyone in C-Programme? On the adjacent floors too. The whole hospital? London?

FARRER: I don't know!

HEX: Can you order them to stop?

FARRER: Security Officer Garnier has senior authority. I can't countermand his orders.

HEX: McShane, what do we do?

ACE: I'm thinking.

HEX: If we could find the Doctor, we could

ACE: Hex, as long as I've been with the Doctor, and you have to believe me when I say that's a surprisingly long time, he's always come through, one way or another. But here, he was so determined to stop this. He was so convinced it was Cybermen, he

HEX: What? He what?

ACE: Might have done something stupid.

HEX: Like what?

ACE: Well, the Doctor can't win every time, can he? I mean, law of averages. Sooner or later something nasty.

HEX: I can't believe you're suggesting that.

ACE: Then explain that massacre, Hex. You barely know him. I know him. I know the risks he takes, the chances. He can be such a fool. People dying all around, he doesn't stand for that. He'd do something about it, unless

HEX: Unless?

ACE: Unless he was in a fix. Or he was

HEX: Don't.

ACE: Travel with the Doctor long enough, there's always that chance.

FARRER: One chance.

MARK: What did he say?

ACE: Farrer?

FARRER: There is one chance.

ACE: Spit it out.

FARRER: There is a provision for this. Right from the start I had misgivings about empowering the post-humans without some kind of safeguard.

MARK: Oh, right. Now he's got misgivings.

HEX: Let him finish, Mark!

FARRER: I installed a master cut-out in each of the Cyber-humans, one that could be activated in an emergency. The safeguard's never been armed, but if I could reach my office, I could initialise it and trigger it.

ACE: Where's your office from here?

FARRER: Down the hall, that way, second left, fourth door along.

MARK: Out there? We'll never make it.

(Door slides open.)

ACE: We won't know if we don't try.

GARNIER: You expect me to deactivate all the Cyber-humans, Doctor? I don't think so. This is a sanctioned Euro-Combine project.

DOCTOR: This is a travesty. These creatures are voluntarily renouncing their evil, and you're merrily creating a new Cyber-threat to replace them.

GARNIER: They're no threat. The Cyber-humans have been manufactured for the good of mankind.

DOCTOR: You know, that's just what the Mondasians said.

GARNIER: I am in full control of the Cyber-humans.

DOCTOR: Really? Well, what about the alarms? And I think I hear gunfire too.

SUBJECT ONE: Doctor, I urge you. My comrades are now suffering chronic deterioration. The monitor shows that one of my own major organs is beginning to fail.

DOCTOR: Tell that to Garnier here.

SUBJECT ONE: Doctor, please. Don't hold our lives to ransom.

DOCTOR: I'm ... I'm sorry. What's it to be, Garnier?

(Door slides open and closed. Distant screams.)

GARNIER: Polk? What's going on out there?

POLK: All threats to the programme are being eliminated.

GARNIER: What do you mean, all threats?

POLK: Humans represent a clear threat to the Cybernisation programme. Therefore all humans must be eliminated.

GARNIER: What? But those weren't my orders.

DOCTOR: The Cyber-mind loves to take things literally, Garnier.

GARNIER: But

DOCTOR: Garnier, the Cybermen are killing everyone. How much more proof do you need?

GARNIER: I mean, I. Polk. Polk, I order you to desist and stand down. Relay that order to all Cyber-human prototypes. Desist and stand down now.

POLK: The programme must be protected.

GARNIER: And it will be, but I need you to stop this action. Recognise my authority and stand down.

POLK: Authority denied.

GARNIER: What?

POLK: Threats will be eliminated.

GARNIER: No! Argh!

(Machine gun fire.)

ACE: Come on!

HEX: Move your arse, Mark.

FARRER: It's just down here.

MARK: Oh nuts, they've seen us.

CYBERMAN: Threats identified.

MARK: Hell!

ACE: Farrer. Farrer's hit.

HEX: Mark, help me get him inside. Lift him, Mark.

CYBERMAN: Threats identified.

ACE: Lock the door. Come on. Seal it.

MARK: Will you look at that? I've been shot.

HEX: Let me see. You're bleeding freely, but I don't think it's gonna kill ya. Hang on, let me wrap it tight.

MARK: Ah! That bloody hurt.

HEX: There. You'll do. Now, help me move Farrer.

MARK: But it really hurts.

ACE: Help him, Mark.

MARK: Oh, dear God. Oh, they're trying to get in!
ACE: Help Hex! Farrer's shot to pieces.
HEX: I've got him. Get on the console, McShane. See what you can do.
ACE: Okay.
HEX: Right, press here. Here, Mark!
MARK: Let him bleed. The guy tried to kill me.
HEX: Press here now! We need him alive if we're going to do this.
MARK: He's dead, Hex.
HEX: No, I've got a weak pulse. Some breath sounds. Clamp that. There.
ACE: Hex, I can't get access. Throw me Farrer's log-tags.
HEX: Catch.
ACE: Ta. I'm in!
HEX: Farrer's fading. He's bleeding out. Mark, what do I do?
MARK: I, er
HEX: You're the doctor! What do I do!
MARK: Er, compress here. No, *here*, numb-nuts. Er, plug that wound and, and keep him breathing.
HEX: Okay. Okay.
ACE: I've found it. I've found the safeguard.
HEX: Mark. What now? Mark! Damn it, he's passed out.
ACE: Oh no.
HEX: What's the matter?
ACE: The safeguard requires a password.

POLK: Threat eliminated.
DOCTOR: And I am next, I suppose?
POLK: You will cooperate.
DOCTOR: What?
POLK: You will cooperate with the Cyber Leader.
DOCTOR: Oh, no. All that fine talk about redemption. It was just a lie, wasn't it?
SUBJECT ONE: The subtle benefits of an organic mind have proved useful, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You've been in control of them all along.
SUBJECT ONE: Cyber-kind has overcome its one fundamental weakness. The rigidity of its logical thought process.
DOCTOR: A bravura performance. You've established a Cyber-processing factory in the heart of one of the Earth's most densely-populated cities. Equipped it with a new generation of sophisticated free-thinking leaders. So, how long?
SUBJECT ONE: Before total global conquest? We estimate six Earth weeks. This facility alone contains the raw materials for thirty thousand Cybermen. It is a foothold that will not be lost.
DOCTOR: Curse you, and curse me for being
SUBJECT ONE: You will commence repair surgery on the recarnative subjects.
DOCTOR: Oh, will I?
POLK: You will cooperate with the directives of Cyber-command.
DOCTOR: I think not.
POLK: Resistance is useless.
DOCTOR: Sometimes, Cybermen, resistance is all that counts.
SUBJECT ONE: Do not force him to kill you, Doctor. Repair our flesh. Your life will be spared in exchange for your help.
DOCTOR: (laughs) Forgive me, Cyber Leader, but I know now you're capable of lying. You'll kill me even if I do help you. So, the answer has to be no.

ACE: Hex? Hex, they're nearly through the door.
HEX: Farrer. Doctor Farrer. Can you hear me? Come on! Farrer. Stay with me. Stay with me. Don't dare flat-line on me now.
ACE: Hex?
HEX: Farrer, the password. What's the password? Please! (CPR) One-two-three, Two-two-three, three-two-three. Farrer! Please.
FARRER: Har vest.
HEX: Harvest. The password's Harvest.
(Door slides open.)
CYBERMAN: Threats located.

SUBJECT ONE: Last chance, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hmm? Yours or mine?

SUBJECT ONE: Polk, kill the Doctor.
(Cry, thud)
SUBJECT ONE: Polk? Polk! What is your malfunction? Answer me.
DOCTOR: He looks fairly fried to me.
SUBJECT ONE: Polk, respond.
DOCTOR: System, what is the status of the Cyber-human prototypes?
SYSTEM: All Cyber-human prototypes have been terminated.
SUBJECT ONE: No!
SYSTEM: Information is correct. All Cyber-human prototypes have
SUBJECT ONE: Noooo!
DOCTOR: Deny it all you like. Someone just put a crimp in your plans.
SUBJECT ONE: This was not predicted!
DOCTOR: Not by you, maybe. Me, I'm going to go and shake the person responsible by the hand.
SUBJECT ONE: Doctor, you're just going to walk away?
DOCTOR: Yes, I think so. There are bound to be some loose ends, I suppose, bound to be. But we're all done here, aren't we?
SUBJECT ONE: I
DOCTOR: Something on your mind, Cyber Leader?
SUBJECT ONE: I am experiencing pain. Pain and fear. Our organs are failing. You must help us. You must help me.
DOCTOR: Oh, really?
SUBJECT ONE: I am dying.
DOCTOR: Ah yes. The flesh is weak, isn't it?
(Beep becomes a continuous tone.)

SYSTEM: Attention. Emergency evacuation underway. Please exit the hospital. Help is on its way. Repeat. Attention. Emergency evacuation underway. (continues under dialogue)

DOCTOR: Ace? Mister Hex?

ACE: Doctor. There you are.

HEX: Are you all right?

DOCTOR: Yes.

SYSTEM: Help is on its way.

DOCTOR: All things considered. My, it's a mess in here. They all but took that hatch off its hinges, didn't they? Hmm. I see you've been busy.

HEX: We pulled the plug on 'em.

DOCTOR: I had rather presumed you were behind it.

HEX: Actually, it was McShane.

ACE: Oh, be fair. It was a team effort, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hmm. And, er, Farrer?

HEX: I couldn't save him. I tried me best.

DOCTOR: I'm sure you did, Mister Hex. And how are you, Doctor Mathias?

MARK: Er, seems I've been shot. I don't remember much. Er, who are you?

DOCTOR: Time to slip away I think, Ace. The authorities are moving in to secure the hospital. I don't fancy answering any awkward questions right now.

ACE: But the xenotech.

DOCTOR: I took the liberty of visiting System's data stacks one last time. A lot of valuable data has been wiped. All that the Euro-Combine people will find is a stockpile of machine alloy body parts, no instructions. No one to tell them how it all works.

ACE: No one?

DOCTOR: Not a living soul.

HEX: Are you going?

ACE: Yeah. See you some time, matey.

DOCTOR: Thanks for your help, Mister Hex.

HEX: Okay. Well, it's been. You okay, Mark?

MARK: Let's see. I've been shot.

HEX: But you'll be okay, won't ya? Until the paramedics get here?

MARK: Yeah. I suppose so. Why?

HEX: I, er, I'll see you later, Mark.

MARK: Hex? Hex? Where are you going, mate? Hex?

SYSTEM: Help us on its way. Attention. Emergency evacuation underway. Please exit the hospital. Help is on its way. Repeat. (continuing under next scene)

ACE: The Tardis. He told me you'd brought it here.

DOCTOR: A matter of expediency. We

HEX: Doctor! McSh, Ace! Wait!

DOCTOR: Mister Hex. Shouldn't you have stayed with your friend?

HEX: Mark'll be fine. I knew that if I didn't hurry, you'd get in that thing and I'd have missed ya.

DOCTOR: I'm touched, Mister Hex. But I'm not really very good at goodbyes.

HEX: That's just it. Neither am I.

DOCTOR: Oh.

HEX: I mean - after all this, I was considering a change of career.

ACE: Oh yeah?

DOCTOR: I had a hunch you might.

HEX: Well? What do you think?

DOCTOR: I think

ACE: You think far too much for your own good, Doctor. I think it's up to Hex. Do you know what you're getting into?

HEX: Not even slightly. Isn't that the point?

ACE: (laughs) Quite possibly.

DOCTOR: Well, you'd better step this way, then, Mister Hex.

(Tardis door opens.)

HEX: Er, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes?

HEX: It's just Hex.

(Tardis door closes. The Tardis dematerialises.)

SYSTEM: Repeat. Attention. Emergency evacuation underway. Please exit the hospital. Help is on its way.